

VARIETY.

The Girl with the Calico Dress.

BY ROBERT ASKLEY.

A fit for your upper ten girls,
With their velvet and satin and lace,
Their diamonds and rubies and faces;
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half the things possible,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom,
Her teeth with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's when the hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dainties and foppings may sneer,
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear,
Would set a whole legion on fire!
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother,
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother,
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

SABOTAGE HEALING.

The Government of the Tongue.

BY REV. E. C. JONES.

"He that hath knowledge speaketh his words,"
How active an agent for good or evil is
the tongue, and how rarely do we feel the
importance of its management as a lever of
action. Some there are to whom any ad-
vice on such a theme would be looked upon
as superfluous and unreasonable. They
have always been characterized by volubility,
and with them speaking is the essential
condition of existence. Indeed the great
mass of sentient and responsible beings
speak too much. To be garrulous is not the
index and type of advancing age. It ap-
pertains to humanity in the abstract. The
tongue has its circuit through which it must
revolve, if it conforms to the exactions of
conventional usage. That circuit is an ex-
tensive one. It takes in the survey of the
business and the domestic privacies of our
acquaintances, sweeps the field of legalized
scandal, passes its vetoes on Scriptural
truths, inveighs against the doings of states-
manship, canvasses the heights and depths
of a transcendental philosophy, and then
having completed a revolution which often
has in it more of the malignant influence
of a baleful comet than the genial light
and heat of the solar orb, ceases from its labors
till it is roused into activity with the dawn.
Now we do not belong to those who censure
a freedom in the discussion of ordinary
and recurring topics of interest, and we fully
realize the fact that a genial flow of words,
as well as pleasant smiles, impart a warmth
and glow, and zest to the humanities of social
being. We know that to chain up the cur-
rent of speech as such would be to transform
Paradise into the Arctic zone. As well as
Homer, the blind old bard of Seio, we fully
appreciate the advantage and the moral
power, and the winning influence of "wing-
ed words." Those words may have heal-
ing on their wings. And it is just because
we would have them so that we pen these
lines. We believe that the ordinary topics
of social converse could be sublimated and
refined. We believe that where two or
three are met together, they may and ought
to separate with a higher tone of moral
feeling, a keener appreciation of their re-
lative duties, a more brotherly regard for
their kind, and a little wiser in some points
of practical information. Society has no
right to expect me to spend my hours of
social fellowship in the rapid and spiritless
detail of hum-drum gossip. If its tone is
so low, let me try to elevate it either by
the opportune introduction of some sensible
remark, or by that silent rebuke which in-
timates a spirit of disapproval.

There is such a thing as gracefully turn-
ing the tide of remark, which is still a bet-
ter plan. When a person has the tact and
skill, he can often divert the current into
healthful channels. One little, sagacious
remark may thus lead a company into higher
regions of thought and fancy, and lead to
the development of intellectual activities
hitherto undreamed of, because latent and
unexercised. There is a higher motive, how-
ever, to the proper government of the tongue
that demands our notice. It is not founded
upon mere social utility. It derives all its
force from the higher sanctions of the re-
vealed will of the Almighty. Persons may
say, as did the ungodly in David's time,
"Our lips are our own," but this does not
alter the relation in which we stand to God.
"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and
by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Such
is the statute of the Saviour, and he never
repeals an iota of what he utters. "Swift
to hear, slow to speak," is the apostolic
maxim. And again, says St. James,
"who is a wise man and endowed with knowl-
edge among you? Let him show out of a
good conversation his works with meekness
or wisdom. Here let us observe that a
good conversation constitutes works. That
words, however apparently fleeting, like the
down of flowers, pass into the air to ger-
minate afresh, that they are veritable deeds
in their issues for weal or woe, that the talk-
ing man is the acting man, that there is effi-
cacy in simple utterance, that profit or disad-
vantage makes its nest in syllables and sen-
tences. Oh, with what a sublime and mas-
tastic dignity are words invested as they
march from the portals of our lips. Let
them not rush out, then, like the mixed mul-
titudes that came from Egypt, but in the en-
dowed and measured dignity of Spartan chiefs.
Let not our lips be the porch of Venus or
Bacchus, whence lewd and obscene and vulgar
slang shoots out unblushingly, as if to court
a laugh at table or be regarded as a jovial
boon companion; was something for which
propriety should be sacrificed and modesty
struck dead. Let no corrupt communica-
tion proceed out of your mouth but that

which is good to the use of edifying, that so
it may minister grace unto the hearers."—
How exalted the position and how blessed
the consciousness of that man who from
whatever company he departs has left no
unadverted expression to wound the feel-
ings, to lower the moral tone of sentiment,
to derogate from the honest claims of his
fellow men, to augment his personal vanity,
to gloss over vice, or diminish the inherent
reverence for virtue.

Speech is a ministration, a service, for the
Apostle in the verse just quoted tells us
that it can minister grace, or prove a gra-
cious service when our words are like com-
ment to write in old affinity some long dis-
cussed hearts. The words of the peacemaker
are all balm and honey. They mollify and
heal and bless. It is a gracious service
when our words become the deep well of
practical wisdom, from whence the poor and
feeble and unlettered draw daily and hourly
counsel and guidance in the intricate af-
fairs of life. Then the lips of a man
are like the shrine of Dodona, and with-
out any tripod the man drops pearls of
truth and asks no money for the payment.
It is a gracious service when our words fall
cheerfully on disheartened bosoms, when
they comfort the mourner under a deep and
bitter sense of his bereavement, and sweet-
ly direct him to the end and object of ad-
versity. It is a gracious service when the
young and impressionable heart of children is
made the field in which our words are sown,
as the good and productive seed of the king-
dom of righteousness and truth. It is a
gracious service when by innocently humor-
ous narrative, or harmless passing jest, we
diversify the dry details of hackneyed life,
and thus enliven as well as instruct, smooth-
ing into a genial laugh the corrugated brow
of him who, in the dust and whirl of busi-
ness, almost forgets that he ever had a boy-
hood of gushing fun and heartiness and sport-
ive games. It is a gracious service when we
gently point out the pitfalls and the snares
to the misdirected, and open up to them
a way of escape from the coils of the tem-
per of souls. There are cases where speech
becomes the crowning grace of man, where
language is the vehicle of beautiful truth,
where the lips drop as the honey-comb; if
such be thy appreciation of the value of
speech, my brother, then open the portals
wide. By thy word, thou shalt never be
condemned. Those winged words shall
have the plumage of a Seraph's pinion, and
as thy sentences pass upward to the Throne,
measured by the golden reed of the Sanctu-
ary, they shall not be found wanting, and
amid the commendations bestowed upon
them in that august day when Jehovah's
stewards must exhibit their respective ac-
counts, not the least shall be that in an age
when most were talking at random that thou
didst recollect that the tongue was an un-
ruly member, and subjected accordingly to the
stringent rules of Heaven, the wholesome
regulations of thy God.

MISCELLANY.

A Mexican War Incident.

BY RICHARD EVERETT.

The bloody field of Molino del Rey was
furnished, and the American arms were again
victorious. But it proved a dear bought
victory. The battle-field was red with An-
glo-Saxon blood, for never did the Aztec
army make a more desperate defence. Those
who participated in that glorious battle will
never forget its eventful circumstances; how
at the faint dawn of morn, when the stars
looked sweetly upon the earth, our army
moved slowly into its position, cooped after
corps, artillery, infantry and cavalry; the
muttered word of command; the rumbling
of wheels and the muffled tramp, tramp,
tramp of the devoted storming party, which
pioneered the main force. It was not five
o'clock in the morning when the battle com-
menced. With a thunder which shook the
earth, the heavy guns of Huger's battery
belched forth the first signal of attack. Then
the stormers, carrying their ladders and
fascines, started forward, cheering as they
ran, and were soon lost amid the thick smoke
which rolled from the Mexican cannon.—
Now and then a broad flash of fire showed
our gallant fellows fighting hand to hand
with the enemy's cannoniers. On pressing
the centre of our line, and like a rushing
tornado, swept the enemy from their guns,
but bravely they rallied, and in turn our
troops were driven back. Here the carnage
was dreadful. Of the fourteen officers of
the storming party eleven were killed or
wounded in less than fifteen minutes.

Meantime upon each wing the fight pro-
gressed with great fury, and the ditches in
front of Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata
were rapidly filling up with dead and wound-
ed. In front of these defenses the carnage
was terrific. The gallant McIntosh was
shot while cheering on his men. Lieut.
Scott fell in the front rank, and noble Waite
sank under a mortal wound. Among the
Mexicans there was a heavy loss of gallant
officers. Old General Leon, gray-haired
but full of fire; Beldezer Huerta and Meo-
les, all accomplished officers, fought their
last fight upon the ramparts of Casa de
Mata.

But direful was the conflict; no power
could stay the Saxon's red right arm. Over
broken ground, gaping ditches and bloody
ramparts, in the face of fire and steel the
American troops pressed forward, trampling
the dead bodies of friend and foe beneath
their feet, until covered with the stains of
battle they stood triumphantly upon the
Mexican fortifications. Oh! it was a glo-
rious moment when, as the smoke rolled
away, the stars and stripes were seen wav-
ing from the Mexican flag-staff, proud em-
blems of American valor.

But we did not intend to describe the
battle of Molino del Rey at length. Slowly
the scattered remnants of the American
force retired from the hard earned field, and
upon the Ninth Regiment devolved that
most painful of all duties, burying the dead
and picking up the wounded! About sunset
the labor commenced. Some six hun-
dred men, divided into small parties, pur-
sued the melancholy duty. Day faded, but

the moon, soon rising, shed a pale sepul-
chral light over the scene, which no man
could contemplate without a thrill of horror.
Over a large expanse of ground the bodies
of the dead and wounded men were thickly
strewn. In some places a hundred corpses
might be counted within the space of a few
square yards, while the sandy soil was wet
with human gore. Large pits were dug
and friend and foe found a soldier's grave
together. Death had abolished all distinc-
tion. American and Mexican who a few
hours before were striking for each other's
lives, now lay peacefully side by side, their
animosity subdued. Ambulances and wag-
ons rolled away to the temporary hospitals
filled with wounded men, whose groans of
anguish were awful to hear.

It was while the work of burial progress-
ed that a lieutenant, in charge of a small
party, came to a ravine not far removed from
the main line of attack. Many wounded
men crowded to the banks of this stream to
slake that terrible thirst which a severe
wound always induces. As the party were
collecting such injured soldiers as would
bear removing, the wail of an infant sud-
denly attracted the lieutenant's attention. He
listened again and the sound came faintly
upon his ear, so plain, however, that there
was no mistaking its source. Search was
instantly made along the margin of the
brook, and in a few moments a sight was
disclosed at which the most hardened heart
grew faint. Two dead bodies lay on the
fog, a few feet from the water's edge. One,
a young Mexican artilleryman, whose head
was badly crushed, apparently by a large
shot; the other, a young and very beautiful
Mexican girl, from whose neck a rivulet of
dark blood was yet oozing, for a musket
ball had penetrated to the jugular vein.—
The young man lay upon his back, appar-
ently just as he fell, while the position of
the woman indicated that she received the
fatal ball while kneeling at his side.

But this is not all. Naked and dabbled
over with the blood of its parents, an infant,
evidently about three months old, was ly-
ing upon the breast of its mother, wailing
and grasping with his little hands her long
black hair, which was damp with cold night
dew. Oh, it was a picture which made the
heart swell with emotions of pity too deep
for utterance—that helpless, innocent in-
fant, stained with its mother's blood. Often
have we thought of the dreadful scene, for
it was a scene never to be forgotten. That
gloomy battle-field, strewn with dead and
dying; the brook murmuring gleefully
along, unmindful of its bloody ripples; the
groups of soldiers standing with their spades
and picks around those dead parents and
the living babe, and over all the moon gleam-
ing with ghostly glare, formed a striking
scene for the dread panorama of war.

The man had probably met his death
while in search of water, as a leather buck-
et, such as is generally attached to an artil-
lery carriage, was lying near by; the woman
must have received a chance shot while
bending over her husband's body, for the
Mexican women, with heroic devotion, often
follow their husbands or lovers into battle.
The lieutenant, giving orders that the two
should be interred in one grave, wrapped
the babe in a blanket, and in company with
two of his men started in search of an am-
bulance, intending to send the little orphan
to the Mexican camp. He had not proceed-
ed far when a couple of Mexican friars were
discovered prowling, as was their custom,
among the dead bodies in search of plunder.
Ordering them to desist, the officer related
the scene he had just witnessed, and in con-
clusion, offered one of the priests a liberal
reward if he would take the babe in safety
to the camp of his countrymen. The priest
assented with alacrity, and receiving his re-
ward, took the infant and turned away.—
With a consciousness of having fulfilled the
dictates of humanity, the lieutenant prepared
to join his party again. He had taken but a
few steps, however, when an exclamation
of horror from one of his companions caused
him to turn quickly, and as he did so, they
bounded from his side in pursuit of the two
priests, who were running rapidly towards
the Mexican lines.

A sudden suspicion of horrible import
glanced through the officer's mind in an in-
stant, and calling on his men to fire on the
fugitives if they did not stop, he looked ear-
nestly along their tracks, and soon discover-
ed the reason of his companion's conduct;
for thrown down amidst a heap of corpses,
was the dead infant, with a bayonet driven
completely through its body! The inhu-
man wretch to whom the officer consigned
his little charge, had not proceeded a dozen
yards, before committing the atrocious deed.
The pursuit was successful, and in a few
moments both friars were brought back
trembling, and in broken English begging
for mercy. But justice was quick and sure.
A file of men were soon on the ground.—
"Five minutes for prayers," said the lieu-
tenant, looking at his watch—five minutes,
you bloody scoundrels! Sergeant, tie their
hands. Men, form fifteen paces front.—
There orders were quickly obeyed, the vic-
tims meanwhile begging for their lives.
"Your time is up," said the officer. "It is
no use; a man who would murder an infant
deserves worse than death." "Are you
ready, sergeant?" "Yes, sir," was the
reply. "Then God have mercy on the
souls of those villains. Platoon! ready,
aim, fire!" A sharp report rang out upon
the still night air, and the two friars were
dead men.

ENGLISH EXTREMES AND AMERICAN MID-
DLINGS.—We have marked two passages in
different papers: 1. "An English nobleman
said of us, that he had seen, in America,
less misery and less happiness than in any
other country of the world." 2. (A great
writer says of England): "Nine hundred
and ninety-nine children of the same com-
mon Father suffer from destitution that the
thousandth may revel in superfluities. A
thousand cottages shrink into meanness and
want to swell the dimensions of a single
palace. The tables of a thousand families
of the industrious poor waste away into
drought and barrenness, that one board
may be laden with surfeits." Be content,
oh middling Yankee!

Rain Drops.

Pattering, dropping steadily down,
Cometh the gentle rain,
Upon the earth so bare and brown,
To make it green again.
And rainbow tints in the tiny drops
Of the gentle summer showers,
Renew their hues in the fragrant cups
Of the sweet up-springing flowers.
It maketh a music as soft and new
As the delicate tints of the flow'rs blue;
And weary ones, by the couch of pain,
Rejoice in the sound of the summer rain.

Wearily, drearily, gloomily down,
Falleth the autumn rain,
And the stricken earth, so bare and brown,
Reviveth not again.
When summer perfumes and flowers are dead,
It bringeth no joying then,
But mournfully falleth, like tear-drops shed
Over the hopes of men.
It telleth us of the coming tone,
Of the summer light that from life hath flown;
But when youthful joys and heart-light wane,
There's music for us in the autumn rain.

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY POW, JR.

My text to-day is as follows:
And thus it sung, with tinkling tongue;
That rippling shadowy river—
"Youth's brightest day will fade away,
Forever and forever!"

And thus it sung, with tuneful tongue,
That bird-like river—
"When youth is gone, true love shines on,
Forever and forever!"

My Hearers: Time, that seems to us old
fogies, to hum and whirr upon patridge-like
pinions, sails noiselessly by the silken wings
to the happy, unheeding youth. Well,
youth is too busy with its own affairs to
mark whether the old gentleman with the
bushy eye, glass and forelock hobbles up
on crutches, goes by steam, by telegraph,
or propels himself with those antiquated
pinions upon his shoulders. Youth "takes
no note of time," but receives the pure gold
in regular daily installments, and fondly
imagines he is thus pensioned for life. He
knows and cares nothing about "hard times,"
except when he is sent for chips on a frosty
morning, or gets his ears boxed for not
minding his mother. His hours are each
as long as a day at the summer's solstice;
his days are weeks—his weeks months—
his months years—and his years, oh, my
brethren! his years are just about five-
eighths of an eternity. While busily gath-
ering his flowers, sailing his shingle ship,
caging hop-toads, shooting marbles, play-
ing horse, extorting molasses from verdant
grasshoppers, fishing with pin-hooks, and
building—not castles in the air, but stables
for corn-cob cattle—he thinks of nothing
but of the far distant time when he shall
have outgrown his spencer and become a
man, with the same blossoms of youth still
garlanding his heart, and money enough
in his pocket to carry out his incipient ideas
of happiness approaching to perfect bliss.

While my friends, the youth is culling
beautiful flowers upon the river bank, and
is delighted with the sparkling sheen of
that rippling, shadowy river, he is unaware
that it is telling him with a tinkling tongue,
that youth's brightest day will fade away,
forever and forever! Forever and forever!—
how truthfully, solemnly expressive the sen-
tence! As that silvery, gleesome river loses
its lustre as it approaches its eternal
ocean-home, so forever fade away man's
early joys as he enters upon the dull low-
lands of life, where for him the violet buds
and the heathbell blooms in vain. Fade
away forever!—thus do these fragrant po-
sies which children gather upon the river's
brink. Little reck the blithesome lad of
their doom; and less heeds their warning;
that thus away shall fade the flowers of
youth, forever and forever! Ah! my dear
friends, they do fade away—imperceptibly
fade, drop and decay. You grow up to
manhood, and sometimes imagine, as you
pick your way amid the briars, thorns and
thistles of life, that they still bloom in all
the original freshness—wholly unlike those
that bloomed "at Belshazzar, in winter to fade."
And so they do; but where matured, mel-
ancholy mortals, do they blossom for you?
As my friend Tom Moore says, it is nowhere
else but "in memory's waste"—the old
ploughed-out field of the past. Oh that
dry, so dry soil of memory! what lovely
amaranthine flowers it is capable of produc-
ing; and yet you can do nothing more than
grieve to think that you are not permitted
to roam and revel among them with the
same body, breeches, soul and spirit as in
days now eternally numbered with the
past.

My brethren: I suppose you expect me
to tell you what kind of bird that was which
sat beside the river, nodding his head,
wigwagging his tail, and of true love so suc-
cessfully sang. It couldn't have been a mag-
pie—for, instead of being tuneful, he
grates out a noise something similar to that
attending the winding up of a marine clock.
Was it a fish-bawk? I never heard the
fellow sing or say a word in my life; and
yet he may keep up a most musical think-
ing about love for the little finny creation.
By no means could it have been a lean
shipstake, who without a single poetic utter-
ance, silently—unlike featherless poets—
broods over starvation to the last. Nor is
it likely it was the spindle-shanked testar-
tail, that so plaintively peeps of love for-
saken forever and forever.

Ah-ha! my friends, methinks I behold
the little melodist. It is the ree-winged
black bird, swinging upon the willows, and
sweetly singing true love, that "shines on,
forever and forever," when the fires of pas-
sion have ceased to flame or smolder.—
There he sits, from dewy morn to shadowy
eve, still singing that old tune—"John An-
derson, my jo John," while his old cara-
spouse is, perhaps, sedentarily performing
her last maternal duties. He singeth, too
how that river—although hastening onward
to its bay of everlasting rest—still forever
bears upon its rippling bosom love's sliv-
erly sheen. He singeth, also, of that platonic
love, which finds its emblem in the placid
lake—of that love which, like wine, improves
in flavor, gains in smoothness and increases
in strength as it advances in years.

Of social love, my brethren, that bird be-
side the Sacramento or Feather river,
"might, could, would or should have sung"

of the linking of souls in friendship's golden
chain—of that parental, filial, brotherly and
sisterly love, which, like the sun in the eter-
nal heavens, although clouds occasionally
intercept and dim its blessed rays, still shines
on, forever and forever—not omitting to
mention the love I bear for you all in gen-
eral, and the women gender in particular; and
which grows in lustre in proportion as the
dimes come rolling in, with tuneful, "tink-
ling tongue." So mote it be.

GARROTING NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.—
The denizens of Gotham have been living
in dread of garroters for sometime past.—
But if the case mentioned below be correct,
it is not such a terrible process as many
would have us believe. An exchange in-
forms us that a young lady of Worcester,
Mass., was publicly garrotted in one of the
streets of that town last week, by a young
man from Germany. Strange to say, the
young lady neither fainted nor died from
fright, as the reader will perceive. It seems
that they were lovers in the "faderlands,"
but having "stern parents," the young man
was sent on some business by his father, to
a place many hundred miles distant, where
he was detained for six months, and when
he returned, found to his sorrow, that the
love of his heart had been borne away by
her parents to America. The young man
resolved to emigrate thither, also, and came
over in the last packet ship. He took the
cars from New York to Worcester, and in
looking about the city for employment, ac-
cidentally fell in with his lady love. Their
meeting was affecting in the extreme, and
the garroting she rather seemed to like, ut-
tering not a word of complaint, nor offering
the least resistance.

A CALIFORNIA LION KILLED.—Last Sun-
day morning, says the Columbia Gazette,
Mr. Massingale, living near Vallejo, not-
iced that some wild beast was among his
hogs. Taking his gun, he made pursuit,
and following the animal by his tracks, the
ground being soft, he came upon a hog
weighing one hundred pounds, about three-
fourths of a mile from his house, which the
lion, for such the depredator proved to be,
had carried there and partially buried in
the ground. He then put the dogs on the
trail, and pursued the animal as fast as he
could on foot. He had not proceeded far,
however, before the dogs brought the lion
to bay, and Mr. Massingale coming up,
killed him the first shot with a rifle. The
lion weighed, after being dressed, 140
pounds, and measured eleven feet and two
inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of
the tail.

Mr. Moore, or Major Moore was travel-
ling through Texas, and leaving the main
road, drove his sulky, to avoid the mud, by
a side path, that brought him out near a
log cabin. Being in doubt as to his course,
and seeing a youngster near, he called out
to him: "I say, my son, can you tell me
if this is the right road to Leona?" "Your
son!" said the urchin. "You're the sec-
ond man that's called me his son to-day, and
I should like to know which of them is my
father!" The Major was so much pleased
with the boy's answer that he threw him a
quarter. The lad picked it up and cried out:
"I believe you're my dad, for you're the
first man that ever gave me a quarter.
Won't you step in and see my mammy?" The
Major thought it time to be on his way, and
waited for no other instructions.

My wife tells the truth three times a day,
remarked a jocosely old fellow, at the same
time casting a very mischievous glance at her
before rising in the morning she says—"O
dear, I must get up, but I don't want to."
After breakfast, she adds—"Well, I sup-
pose I must go to work, but I don't want
to," and she goes to bed saying—"There,
I have been fussing all day, and haven't
done anything."

After a christening at a church in
Southwark, while the minister was making
out the certificate, he happened to say,
"Let me see, this is the thirtieth?" "Thir-
tieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "in-
deed it is only the eleventh!" The minis-
ter was alluding to the day of the month.

NAPOLEON, seeing a short man among
his grenadiers, said: "Thou art very small
for a grenadier." The soldier instantly re-
plied, "If they took generals for their size
you would not be one!"

In the mouths of many men soft words
are like roses that soldiers put into the muz-
zles of their muskets on holidays.

We often excuse our own want of phil-
anthropy by giving the name of fanaticism
to the more ardent zeal of others.

A "single man," advertising for employ-
ment, a maiden lady wrote to inform him
that if he could find nothing better to do,
he might come and marry her. He did so,
and touched twenty thousand dollars.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard
words bruise the heart of a child.

Civility is a kind of charm that attracts
the love of all men.

State of South Carolina,

IN EQUITY—PICKENS.

Wesley Phillips, Adm'r. vs. Bill for discovery, ac-
count and relief.
Peter R. Chastain, et al. vs. Chastain, one of the defendants to this bill of
complaint, resides within the limits of this State,
on motion of Townes & Campbell, complainant's
solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant
do appear, plead, answer or demur to the said bill
of complaint in this case, within three months
from the publication hereof, or an order pro con-
fesso will be taken as to him.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, C.E.P.D.

Com'r's Office, March 21, 1857. 3m

Temperance Celebration.

THE Pickensville Temple, No. 1 of the Order of
Modern Knights' Templars, will meet and
hold its procession at Pickensville, on Friday the
first of May. Where there will be several popu-
lar lectures delivered, the subject of temper-
ance and sobriety. Lectures to commence, half
past 10 o'clock, A.M. A general and cordial in-
vitation is extended to all—come, friends, and
hear Prince Alcohol get his dues!
April 6, 1857. 3 THE TEMPLE.

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS!

AT WALHALLA.
THE subscriber is receiving and opening
at his NEW STORE, on Main-street,
Walhalla, a large assortment of
Splendid New Goods,
Consisting, in part, of DRESS GOODS for
Ladies and Gentlemen's Wear;
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, a large
and fine stock;
Ready Made Clothing, a very complete as-
sortment.—under and over dress;
Groceries.

Of all descriptions, fresh and for sale very
low for cash only;
Segars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, of
the best qualities.

Together with a great number of articles
not enumerated, all of which have been se-
lected with great care, and will be sold on
the most accommodating terms for CASH.
PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods
at cash rates. Give me a trial!

J. H. OSTENDORFF.

Nov. 13, 1856 19 if

WINDOW SASHES

Of all kinds, manufactured by Easley &
Davis, superior for their exactness and
durability, already painted and glazed, with
the best American and French Window
Glass. Always on hand and for sale at
Walhalla by JOHN KRUSE.

BELLEVUE COMPANY.

Pure Zinc and American White Lead, for
which the highest premium was awarded
at the World's Fair, N. Y. Sale Agents
for South Carolina, Carnall & Briggs, in
Charleston. For sale at Walhalla by
JOHN KRUSE.

WINDOW GLASS,

Raw and boiled Linseed Oil, Spirits Tur-
pentine, Putty, all kinds of Paints, dry and
also ground in Oil, Glue, Paint Brushes, and
all articles in this line. For sale at
the lowest figures for cash by
JOHN KRUSE.

Walhalla, Feb. 12, 1858 31 if

J. W. HARRISON, J. W. NORRIS, JR., E. C. PULLIAM,

HARRISON, NORRIS & PULLIAM,

Attorneys at Law,

WILL attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to their care. Mr. PULLIAM can always
be found in the office.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.

Sept. 6, 1856 9 if

NOTICE.

THE undersigned will make a final settle-
ment of the estate of Lewis W. Reeder, deceased,
in the Ordinary's Office, at Pickens C. H., on Mon-
day the 6th day of July next. All persons in-
debted to the estate, therefore, must make pay-
ment; and those having demands against the same
will render them in legally attested by that time.
S. C. REEDER, Adm'r.
B. F. REEDER, } Att'ys

April 2, 1857 38 3m

State of South Carolina,

PICKENS DISTRICT—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLACES.

Scott & Prather vs. Foreign Attachment.

vs. Norris & Harrison.

WHEREAS, the plaintiffs did, on the 18th day
of December, 1856, file their declaration
against the defendants, who (as it is said) are ab-
sent from and without the limits of this State and
have neither wife nor attorney known within the
same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration
might be served; It is ordered, therefore, that the
said defendants do appear and plead to the said
declaration on or before the 19th day of Decem-
ber, 1857, otherwise final and absolute judgment
will then be given and awarded against them.
Dec. 18, 1856. J. K. HAGOOD, C.E.P.D.

W. K. EASLEY, ISAAC WICKLIFFE,

EASLEY & WICKLIFFE,

Attorneys at Law.